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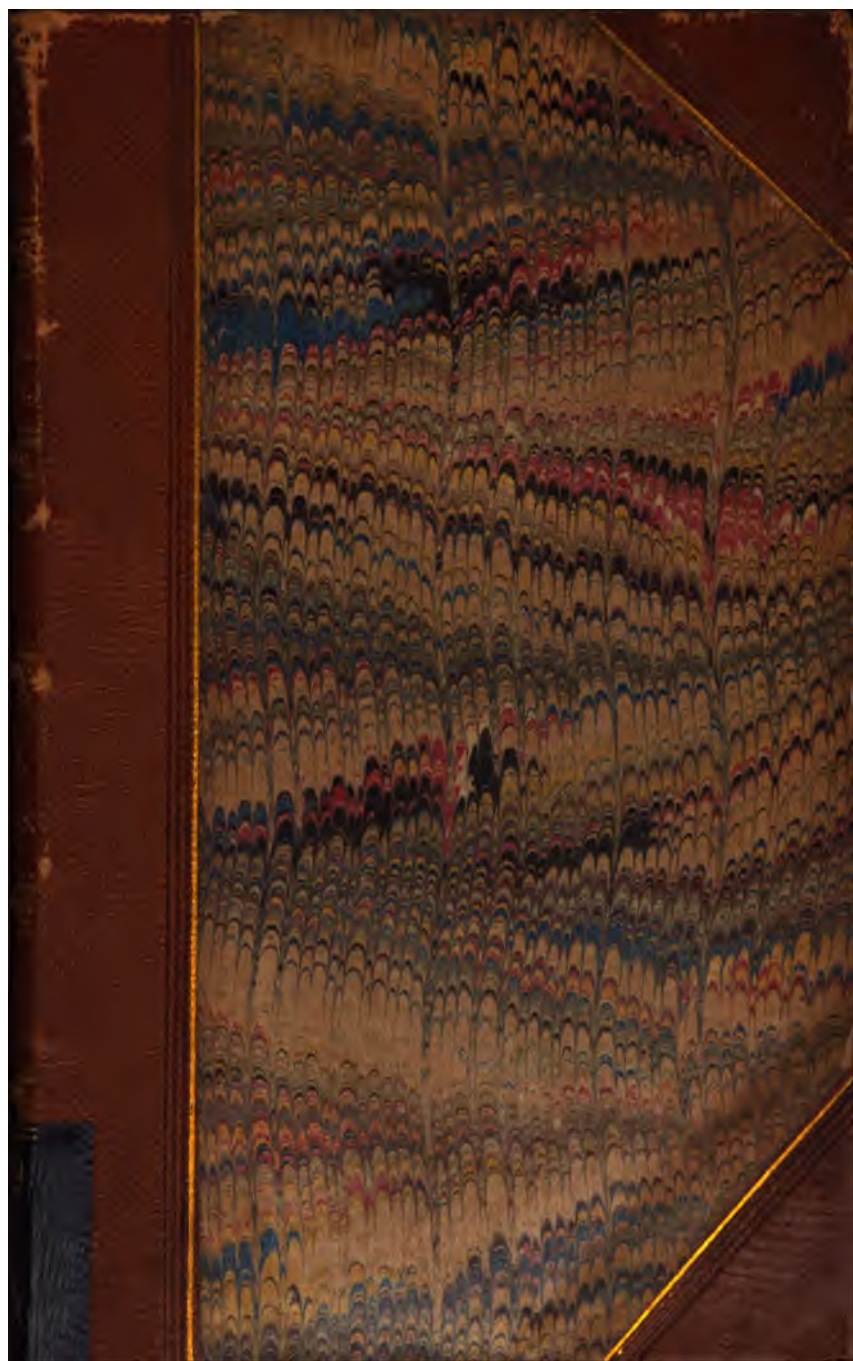
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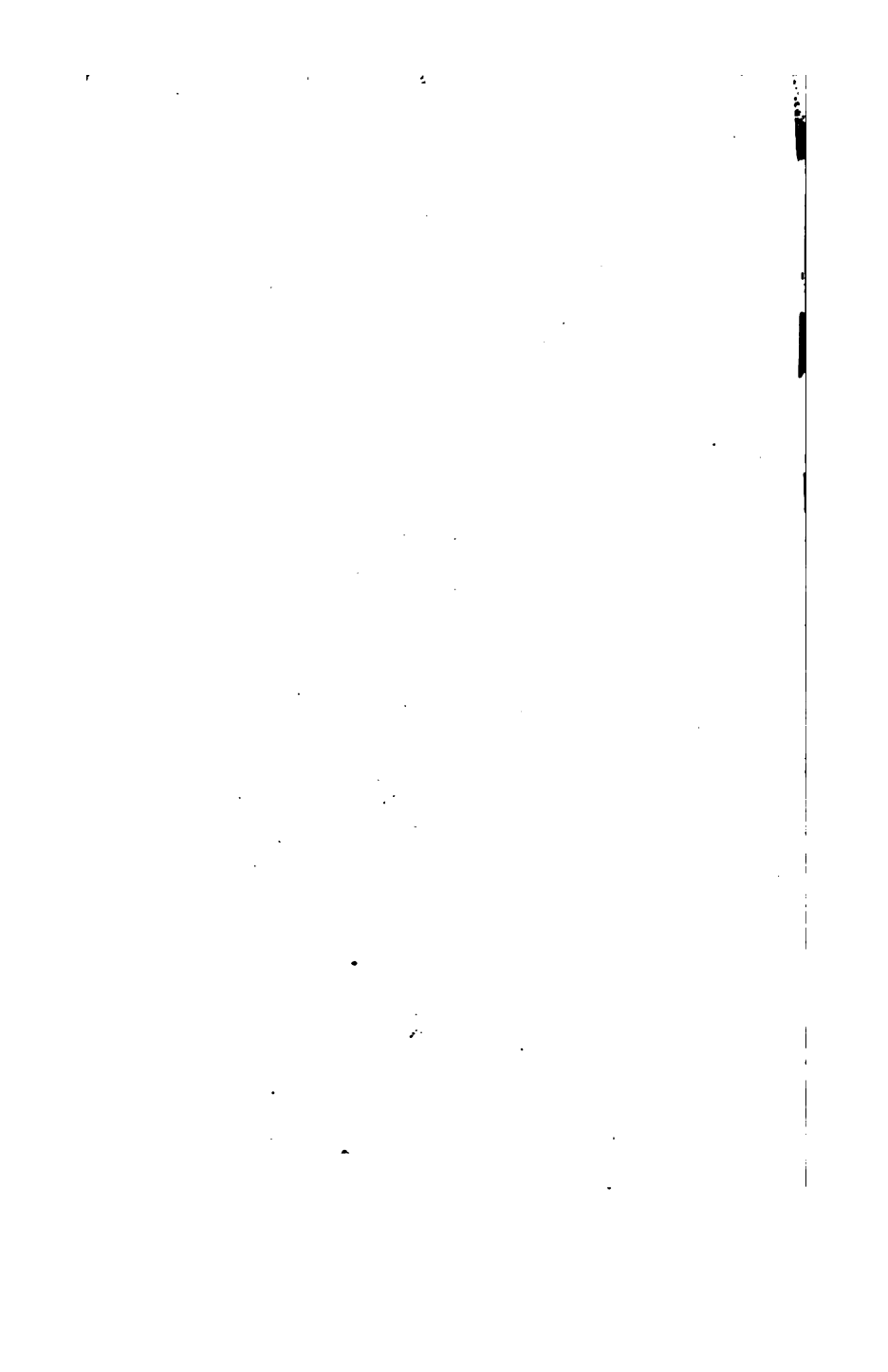
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by Sir L. E. Brydges

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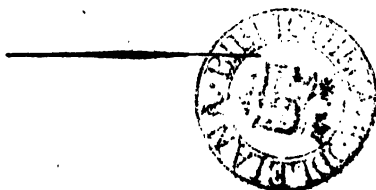




LORD
BROKENHURST.
OR
A FRAGMENT OF WINTER LEAVES.

A TRAGIC TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY DE-CLIFFORD.



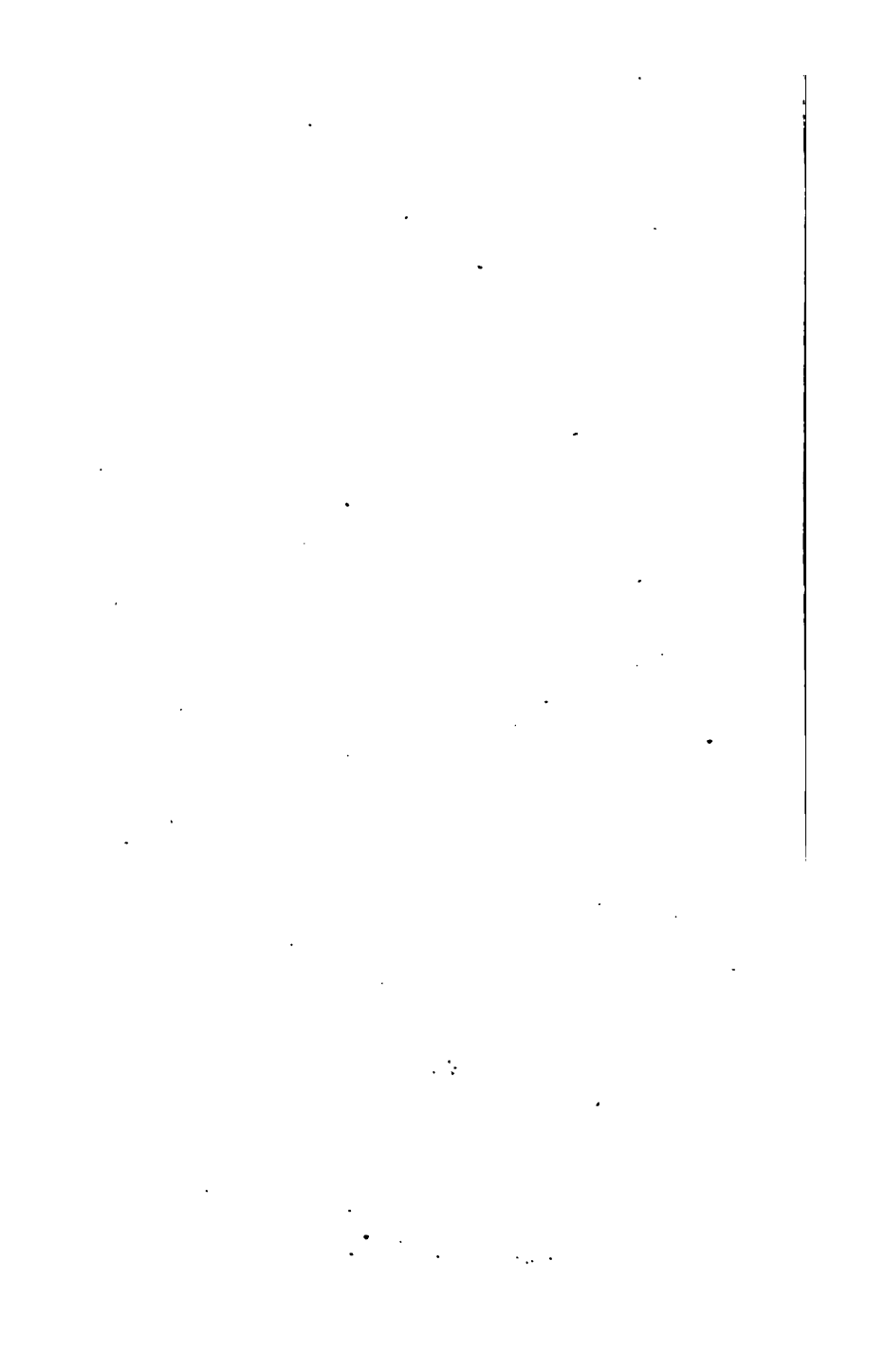
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1819.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

A little fragment of a Book, like the present, docs not deserve a *Preface*: but for that very reason it calls for an Advertisement, to account for its smallness. The Tale here given is only one of Three intended for this volume. The time for the Author's departure for Italy arrived, before either of the others could be carried through the Press.

Fictions of this sort are among the Author's amusements and relaxations from severer studies. It would be miserable, if Fancy should be excluded from growing Age; though it ought to become mellowed and deeper. Apologies are vain; solicitations for favour are treated with scorn: this trifle must take its chance. The writer has not the insensibility to be callous to criticism, just, or unjust: a life of struggle and persecution has given him the fortitude to bear it. But about the present light plaything of his pen he may well be indifferent.

Geneva, Aug. 23. 1819.



WINTER LEAVES.

D A R C Y.

ABOUT four years ago I accidentally met, on a journey into a distant part of England, an old friend, whom I had not seen for some time, though I had kept up an occasional correspondence with him. Our direction was partly the same, and we travelled for two or three days together. Our conversation was full of interest; and, to me, of information.

I shall take the liberty of changing the names of the parties, as circumstances of delicacy require that the individuals should not be too plainly pointed out.

We had alighted from the carriage to walk up an hill; and arriving at the summit before it, had cast our eyes around, when a wooded valley on the other side; and a little church, that stood embowered in trees at the bottom, tempted me to hasten down the declivity without waiting for the vehicle. My companion, whom the reader must hercafter know under the name of DARCY, followed me; but not with his usual alacrity. I had already got within the churchyard; and was examining the ancient structure, and pacing among the graves, when I looked up, and saw Darcy leaning against a buttress of the tower, as if lost in contemplation. His hand was half over his eyes; and his countenance looked pale.

At that moment I was approaching a tombstone, which caught my atten-

tion by something less rude in the sculpture of the letters, and by an extraordinary and elegant brevity in the few pathetic words they contained. While poring upon it, I heard a sigh, and something like a convulsive burst of tears ill suppressed. It was Darcy: « You read there, » said he, « the Memorial of one, whose loss I deplore, and whose neglected lot I think upon with indignant regret. » — He spoke this in a tremulous voice, scarcely distinguishable through the tears, which flowed down his cheeks.

I knew him too well to interrupt him: I left his grief to take its own course. I was sure that in due time I should hear the full history of this object of his lamentation. The carriage was at the gate: we withdrew, and proceeded on our journey.

« He went to the grave, » said Darcy, « in the vigor of life utterly unknown: but his genius was of an high order; and I have the proofs of it in the numerous M S. Books in my possession. FITZ-OWEN was a man of the greatest variety of knowlege, and the boldest faculties in making use of it, of any one who has fallen within my observation. His powers of invention were great; his talent of collecting materials incessantly exercised. His Note-Books abound in *Stories* drawn from every source. And this was the mode of conveying both amusement and instruction to the head, as well as to the heart and the fancy, which he deemed the best. It is one, which has been a favourite in all ages; in all states of society; and which seems best adapted to engage the natural curiosity of mankind.

« A great difference of taste would necessarily exist with regard to the cast of character exhibited by Fitz-Owen in the Stories he has collected. Some are historical; many are of a Romantic texture; almost all abound in sentiment and description. Not one has a Comic turn; and they want familiarity; and perhaps ease. They betray a mind in ill humour with the world; disgusted; vehement; and sometimes querulous: but glowing with enthusiasm amid the creations of his own fancy; generous; full of love; of an ambition, which disappointments could not subdue; of a desire of immortality, which endless exertion, evaporating in endless failure of accomplishment, could not extinguish, or weaken! »

« Darcy, » I answered; « you are

'well entitled to complain of the obscure fate of a man of such gifts. I now hear from you his very name for the first time. But he probably had at least a part of his reward, in the kingdom which was within him. He must have ruled over a mighty and luxurious Empire; and there is a consciousness of power in genius, which is a source of great enjoyment! »

« It is true, » replied Darcy; « but it is mingled with frightful alloys. We want the applause; not of the mob; but at least of a few judicious hearers, of whom we are sure that they have not been influenced by private and personal partialities; and that they have been gained by unsought sympathy: we want men like these to fan the flame; and furnish fuel to an exhausting fire! »

The MSS. of Fitz-Owen have since become mine; and fully justify the eulogium conferred upon them by Darcy. My friend has followed to the grave the object of his commemoration. There was a sympathy in their talents; and in some degree in the history of their lives. Darcy's ardent faculties kept him in a fever; and wore him out. For some years the nightly visitings of the Muse had gradually brought him into a total loss of sleep: he grew thin: his appetite failed: excessive irritability followed weakness: he could not controul his temper: but he had a most morbid conscience; and the regret at a perpetual indulgence of an unamiable and painful violence preyed upon his energies, and gave a gloom to prospects, which had hitherto consoled, and delighted

him. It was not till a middle age , that he began to feel his full strength. Exemplifying one of the inconsistencies which so abound in human nature , he had been at once timid and rash. Though boldness and force were among his marked attributes , yet he had not duly estimated his own powers : he was intimidated by oracular pretensions, and overbearing vanity. Insult, and indignation at length put an end to the humility, which had oppressed his intellectual vigor.

The letter , which announced to me the melancholy intelligence of his death , informed me that he had made me the sole depositary of all his literary treasures. How many of them may appear before the Public, and in what shape, I have by no means yet decided. My time is variously em-

ployed; my spirits are uncertain; my health is doubtful: I know, that the Public taste is capricious: and that it is at the will of a few individuals, who have taken despotic and unmerciful possession of it. It has always been so: this public taste,

Like «Woman, born to be controul'd,
Stoops to the forward, and the bold.»

WALLER,

TALES OF FITZ-OWEN.

Prefatory observations, including a character of Fitz-Owen, drawn principally from the Sketches, and Materials, left by Darcy.

IT must be observed, that the MSS of Fitz-Owen were not written for the press. They are his first thoughts, clothed in the language which rose with them: they are therefore frank; sometimes abrupt; and if not colloquial, (because Fitz-Owen's habits of phraseology were not colloquial), they are as near it as his want of idiomatic diction permitted. He had been fond of our old writers, especially Milton:

and his literary habits ; his love of solitude ; his incessant exercise of original thinking, had thrown his mode of communication into a literary form. Although therefore his Notes may appear too laboured for private Notes, they were in fact nothing more. I cannot altogether alter this character in them : I cannot venture to rewrite them : I can only select ; sometimes prune of excrescences ; and now and then add, what is absolutely necessary, to expand mere abbreviations into sense.

Perhaps I do not myself think so highly of overwrought art, as it is the fashion to do ; and as all professional critics for obvious reasons always insist upon. Rules are too apt to encourage men of mean talents into an undue confidence, that they can

write well ; and to dwindle the force of genius down into common-place. Fitz-Owen indulged opinions, which will be deemed peculiar. He was, what the vulgar call an Enthusiast, a term which has lost a great deal of its respect by being frequently applied to a kind of ignorant religious zealots, whose heat, not arising from the gifts of Nature, but from a sort of false fire, begot by hypocrisy pride faction, and private interest, raises disgust instead of respect ; and ought to be reprobated, not encouraged.

Fitz - Owen was an Enthusiast of another order. He had cultivated all the higher attributes of our earthly Being : he had taught himself to estimate perhaps too exclusively the value of the intellectual part of our existence
here :

here: and he had confirmed the habit of dealing, beyond what practical philosophers will approve, with spirit rather than matter. His sentiments and theories were of a kind, which many will argue to be mischievous, as tending to be satisfied with speculation, when action is required; and as only fitted for a different state of life from that, in which Providence has placed us.

He amassed a great Collection of extraordinary and striking incidents. The sources, whence he drew many of them, cannot now be ascertained. A large portion were undoubtedly the inventions of a warm and plastic fancy, for the purpose of embodying sentiments and courses of action, which he conceived to flow from particular situations operating upon par-

ticular modifications of mind and disposition.

His experience in practical life was little. His knowledge was derived from an acute and intuitive intellect operating upon the materials furnished by books, and what was before him in the scenery of Nature, added to the little intercourse with the world which chance gave him. His reading was multifarious; his curiosity unbounded. But it had nothing similar to the mode, in which a man who affects the fame of scholarship reads. He read for the sake of its intrinsic pleasure; for the sake of the impulse which it gave to his own thoughts; for the sake of essences which he extracted to amalgamate with his own conceptions. He seemed therefore to be little able to give an account of what he read;

though there were few who derived so much wealth from this process as he did.

It appears that he was often grasping at « shadowy Tribes of Thought », which escaped him in the embrace. He wanted to draw half-ideal existences, and half-ideal Virtues, which evaporated at the touch of language. But every thing had an alliance to human incidents, and human passions, however sublimated. It never therefore wanted human interest, — the fault, that is mainly imputed to Milton's *Paradise Lost*: a defect, which cannot be entirely denied; and which gives in that respect a great superiority to Dante.

Fitz-Owen was a dreamer and a visionary. Of a fervid temperament, he was always imagining impossible fe-

licity; and always full of languor and gloom, when the spell of enchantment was withdrawn: Had his understanding been less vigorous, and his judgment less discriminative, perhaps he would better have enjoyed his delusions: but though his opposite powers did not always act together, they were sure, each to have its turn.

Though he seemed often bitter, and severe, he thought more highly of mankind than they deserved. In direct contrast with the practice of men of the world, he often spoke roughly and angrily, when he thought kindly; and instead of concealing or disguising the resentment of his heart, made himself appear an hundred times more resentful than he was.

He was not entirely free from a certain degree of pusillanimity with re-

gard to worldly ridicule. An earnestness of manner, a simplicity of heart; an excessive and morbid refinement; a directness of open thinking, of which he found nothing in common when he encountered society, made him shrink with discomfort from those, among whom an artificial substitute for argument, wit, knowledge, vivacity, was exercised by the unmeaning repetition of a certain number of common-place phrases, intended to convey the fashionable opinions and fashionable jokes on every current topic. — He ought to have been firmer: had he remained steady, his preponderant strength would soon have overpowered them.

There are many evils incident to an high degree of imaginative indulgence: the manner in which we can

dispose of ideal personages, and mould them to our will, makes us impatient at the inflexibility and stubborn perverseness of the course of events in real life. After having breathed empyreal air, we cannot exist without difficulty and danger in the foggy, or polluted, or tempestuous atmosphere, which prevails among the crowded haunts of men.

Fitz-Owen had a strong taste for mystery in a story, because there is often grandeur in what is indefinite; and of all his faculties, his imagination was that, which he most loved to cultivate.

But I am afraid, that I have said too much on this subject in this place. It is better to let his character gradually disclose itself by the Selections, which I shall make from his MSS.

Introduction to FITZ-OWEN'S Tales.

I have said that I shall feel great difficulty in the exercise of the choice of Stories, which I have undertaken to make from Fitz-Owen's MSS. I suspect that my own taste seldom agrees with the popular taste. Those which please me best are the most imaginative, and romantic: but I have not the boldness to bring them foremost. Some of them may be thought too spiritual; or improbable; or exposed to some other epithet of similar import, by which those who affect to think there is no value in these things except such as delineate daily life and manners, convey their disapprobation.

I have another difficulty. The Tales, which are of this more visionary kind, are least developed, and perfected.

Parts are recorded in mere abstracts, or sketches to be afterwards filled up.

The Tale, with which I finally resolve to commence, is full of horrid crimes. How far it is founded on fact, is beyond my knowlege. Something of the kind is reported to have occurred in more than one great family. But stories must not be deemed impossible, because they are full of crime. In my earlier days I read of great crimes as belonging only to barbarous ages. In the winter of my years I have, alas, learned a very different lesson. All sorts of fraud, extortion, deceit, and violence are carrying on with a hardness of conscience, and cruelty of heart, which in my youth I should have thought too extravagant to put even into a Tale of Fiction. The Fabulist of genius never need want ma-

terials for a diversity of human incidents sufficiently striking and deep-coloured.

How far similar events may make a part of other Novels, I do not stop to enquire. It is clear, that Fitz-Owen has not borrowed his, unless from real life. I yet would not preserve this story, if I could believe that the representation of appalling Vice, when accompanied by all its horrors, formed an immoral lesson.

LORD BROKENHURST.

(From Fitz-Owen's MSS.)

ANDREW Tyrell, Lord Brokenhurst, inherited an estate, which at the late rentals amounted to about L. 20,000, a year. But it was entailed with such strictness, with a final remainder to the Crown, that it was impossible to command a shilling beyond the life-interest. Lord B. at the age of thirty had married, and had one son. The next year the mother died.

The child was in every respect an object of affection, and interest. The

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father was on ill terms with his next heir Walter, who was enraged at the birth of this son; and irritated Lord B. still more by all those annoyances about timber and dilapidations which so frequently give rise to angry and complicated questions regarding landed property under strict settlement. About L. 30,000 was obtained in marriage; but it had been all spent in paying off the previous debts of this nobleman, who was expensive rather from habits of indolence and carelessness, than from ostentation. The late Peer had not left a shilling of personal property beyond the furniture of the Houses, and stock of the Park.

Two years after the death of his first wife, Lord B. married again. The Lady was a fine woman; lively, polished,

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entertaining with a great deal of management, and address, which were far too much for the feeble character of Lord B. She was plausible, but heartless; intriguing, vain, expensive, imperious. She brought no fortune; and Lord B. was soon greatly in debt a second time.

Andrew, the heir by the former marriage, grew; and exhibited marks both of quick sense; and a sweet disposition; but he was delicate; and all the pretended anxiety of Lady Brokenhurst about him was evidently factitious. In three years after this Lady's marriage, she herself produced two sons, who were in their first infancy robust, and promising. From the moment, that she thought the male succession securely provided for, all care for Andrew ceased.

Andrew

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Andrew at the age of five years was under the pretence of change of air, sent to a Nurse in a distant county, in which some part of Lord B's estates lay, and where a clergyman, provided for by the interest of Lady B. lived.

Lady B. in the meantime continued in a course of gaudy and luxurious expenditure, which all foresaw could not last a great while. To feed it she ran all hazards in procuring the fall of timber, which again brought upon them Lord B's cousin, whose remote interest she now mocked and laughed at by reminding him of the three sons who stood in his way; and not very delicately, of those, who might yet be added to them. At the same time her raillery was so well managed, and her talents of female fas-

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cination were of such dominion, that Walter Tyrell was sometimes for a moment disarmed of his anger.

Andrew Tyrell remained with his nurse in a state of entire seclusion. He had no tutor but the village-schoolmaster. He was, however, an apt scholar; and passionately fond of reading such books as he could procure. These were few, except the distorted fragments of the old Romances, which he selected from the Ballads in the Pedlars, baskets who occasionally travelled through this remote country.

But like the virtuous Lord Clifford of old days, called the Shepherd, he lay whole days in spring and summer and autumn stretched on the grass upon the hills, and along the slopes, watching the heavens, and studying the shapes of the clouds,

LORD BROKENHURST. 27

till he became profoundly skilled in all the changes of the weather, and the aspects of the sky.

His sole companion was a little girl, of his own age, the Nurse's daughter, for whom of course he conceived a strong affection. The air, the innocent life, the simple pleasures which every day afforded him, braced a frame naturally feeble, and gave a purity to his mind and disposition, which made him a creature to be loved and envied. The native faculties of his intellect were very quick; and as he had uncommon tenderness of feeling, the images which were impressed upon his fancy were lively, and very brilliantly coloured.

He had lived long enough from home to have become comparatively indifferent about it. But his memory

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would sometimes torment him with images of the past; and the splendor of the mansion of Brokenhurst was not entirely erased from the pictures of his bosom.

While this was passing, Lady Brokenhurst proceeded in all her glory. She contracted new debts, which yet had not accumulated to press upon Lord B. with ruin. Her sons grew: but she reflected with bitterness, that neither of them was to be the inheritor of the honours and the property. On the contrary, when Lord B. should die, there was no provision either for them; or for her.

Her dissipation, and the false splendor which surrounded her, could not dissipate these apprehensions. She brooded on the gloom of her future prospects. Her mind, fertile and vi-

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gorous in mischief, suggested to her a thousand plans of provision, and courses of action. But the image of the young Heir, who stood in her way, was always present to her thoughts. The little Andrew Tyrell thus grew every day more and more the object of her hatred.

The Clergyman, under whose inspection he was committed to a distant retreat, was in regular correspondence with Lady B. on the subject of his health, character, and pursuits. The Nurse herself travelled twice a year to take Lady B's oral instructions. Professions of regard and affection were most profusely lavished; but even in the few Letters, which any one was allowed to see, the overboilings of her malice were occasionally striking.

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Andrew's Nurse, Dame Turner, behaved to him with the most unaccountable inconsistency. She was a woman of strong passions; of fits of kindness; but of doubtful principles. Her early life had been a life of adventure. She had suffered deeply by the villainy of mankind; and she considered poverty the greatest of human curses. She was obsequious for the sake of gain; and she thought no sacrifice too great for the obtainment of the means of independence.

When these strong temptations were out of her way, she had many amiable and even some noble qualities. Her capricious and uncertain affection for Andrew can only be thus explained. It was the perpetual source of uneasiness to Andrew, whose attachments were more simple, more

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uniform, and more permanent. His consolations were drawn from the tender soothings of Ciceley Turner, the daughter, who had all her mother's good qualities, undebased by any of her bad.

Ciceley had improved herself by the society of Andrew, both in manners and refinement of sentiment, far out of the reach of the class, to which she belonged. She had the simplicity, the lively health, the blooming beauty, without the coarseness of a cottage girl: Innocent, affectionate, unsuspicious, playful, agile, full of native taste; susceptible of energetic impressions, she gave free vent to all the engaging delights of unsophisticated childhood.

Her health was far superior to that of Andrew. She watched him, and

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served him with incessant solicitude. The happiness of both was now interrupted by the increasing moodiness of the mother's temper. She was furious; then dissolved in tears; then affectionate; and then again breaking out into outrageous resentment at Andrew for no cause; or the slightest of causes; and then wrecking her passion on her daughter for joining in his tears. The little sufferers flew from her rage into the fields and woods; and spent days from home with little food, strolling about, or locked in each other's arms.

Meantime Dame Turner's evil humours grew upon her. They seemed to shew symptoms of an incipient insanity. Fits of prayer; mutterings to herself; suppressed curses; relenting torrents of burning tears; benedic-

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tions, and kisses, and foldings to the heart: then again the stupor, that follows the wild workings of the overwrought conflicts of passion; — all these were the occurrences of every day; and shook the weak and sensitive frame of Andrew even to its base.

Andrew's health rapidly declined: a slow fever, which seemed to fix itself irremoveably upon him, threatened even his life. Dame Turner's tenderness for him then appeared to revive. She uttered unpremeditated prayers for him, not only when alone, but while she hung over his languid form, which were conceived and expressed with a most extraordinary mixture of attachment, and mysterious wishes and hopes. She prayed earnestly for his happiness; but she

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did not seem to pray that his death might be averted. She prayed that she might be allowed to meet him in heaven; and that she might be protected against some temptation, which would render her unworthy of that supreme happiness.

Ciceley heard her prayers with awe; but did not attempt to reconcile or interpret their incoherencies. She was still unsatisfied with her mother's conduct. She observed her never more tranquil than when Andrew grew worse; and never more uneasy, however she might endeavour to conceal her dissatisfaction, than when she brought her tidings of his improvement. Yet her praises of him; the tremulous and tender voice with which she spoke of him; the appeals which she made to Heaven of

her desire for his eternal felicity, were witnesses of an unfeigned love for him.

The correspondence with Lady Brokenhurst now thickened. There was reason for it. It was natural that the state of Andrew's health should be the subject of anxiety at his father's house. Special messengers sometimes arrived; and long and secret conversations in locked apartments took place. Tones of anger were sometimes overheard. Words like these seemed to be pronounced. « Take your choice; » M.^{rs} Turner! You know that person's power, M.^{rs} Turner! Independence, you know, is a good thing: and a gaol is a bad one, — » M.^{rs} Turner! » — — « Ah that I do, James Jobson! God help me! » I know both of them well. » — « Well

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« then; you have your choice ! There
» must be no hesitating, when dan-
» gers press ! — You are in for it al-
» ready — neck deep ! — Sink ; or
» swim ; — as you please, M.^{rs} Tur-
» ner ! » — « Wait ; James Jobson ;
» wait but a little, I say ; and all will
» be as you wish ! » — « Now, or ne-
» ver ! I answer ; now, or never,
» M.^{rs} Turner ! Trifling will not do ; —
» within these four and twenty
» hours ; or all is lost ! » — An invo-
luntary convulsive sigh, and rising
scream of horror suppressed in the
throat, terminated this dialogue.

The messenger departed ; Dame
Turner was three hours before she
issued from her bedroom. Her eyes
were starting from her head with
horror. Her legs trembled ; her hands
shook ; she spoke not distinctly a
single

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single word; she attempted not to address a syllable to her daughter; but her lips moved, and she continued to breathe out half-formed words of distraction.

Ciceley thought however she could distinguish expressions something like the following. « Where is he? — Does » he live? — does he live? — An- » drew! — Andrew! Death! — Death! » What not come? — Why is it so » slow? — Better now! Better now! — » Yes, now! Why not? O now, have » mercy on me! now — now, I say! » Yes, now! O but those sweet eyes; » that tender grasping hand! what; » — closed; closed! — dead; dead! — » Hell! Hell! it sha'n't be! — Ah, » but where's the Hell, if it is not? — » Whips, scorn; chains; hunger! Are » not these like Hell? — But ah,

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» blood; blood! Blood is Hell! Are
» not flames of blood worse? — An-
» drew! Andrew! let the Holy one
» take thee to night; that thy Nurse
» may be saved from everlasting per-
» dition! » —

Ciceley was so terrified with the broken exclamations, which she thus seemed to catch, that she parted from her mother as soon as possible, with her senses lost in the most afflicting amazement. Involuntary suspicions, suppressed as much as possible by filial respect and duty, entered her mind. She escaped to the room of Andrew; she grasped his hand; she dropped her tears upon his cheek; she said in a convulsed voice, « An-
» drew are you better? I would go to
» the end of the world for you! » An-
» drew answered: I am better, Ciceley!

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» Feel my hand! Am I not less hot? Is
» not the fever going off? — « Thank
» Heaven! » replied Ciceley: « it is;
» indeed it is; my dear Andrew! » —
» Then perhaps » he rejoined, « I
» shall live; Ciceley! live, to bless
» you, and reward you! » —

This was too much for Ciceley.
She threw herself on his bosom; and
sobbed aloud. At that moment her
mother entered: « What do you do
» there, Ciceley; — officious little
» plague;—what do do you there?»—
Ciceley rose: tears ran down her
cheeks; sighs interrupted her voice:
« I meant no harm; Mother! See!
» Andrew is better; and, could I avoid
» to rejoice? » — « Away, baggage! »
replied the mother furiously: « Be
» gone; wretched one! » — Ciceley
ran off, weeping; yet with comfort at
the bottom of her heart.

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Dame Turner cast her eyes on Andrew for a minute before she spoke. She looked upon him with a sort of stupified alarm: « Ah, Andrew; child!» she then exclaimed; « are you indeed » better? God help you, child; and » save you from this miserable world!» Andrew smiled; but his softened bosom was overcome with these expressions of mystery. She took his hand: it had again become highly feverish: she pressed it with a sort of writhing anguish. «Thy pulse beats quick, child!» She paused: a wild stare looked as if her senses were flying: then her lips muttered: «quick; quick; I say, » lovely Boy; quick! Quickest pace » brings soonest home!» — She dropped his hand; and burst from the apartment.

Andrew had been of late so much

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accustomed to the capricious temper and odd gesticulations of his Nurse, that, however feeble his spirits, this strange behaviour did not make any very violent and alarming impression on him. Ciceley was in agonies till she could find the opportunity of again returning, to ascertain the consequences to him of this frightful incident. He had fallen into a gentle sleep. His countenance was pale; but serene: a violent dew sat on his forehead; but she trusted it was not the dew of death. She watched over him till she fell asleep by his side; — and then a dream came to her. She imagined, that she saw two Murderers approach the foot of the bed, where he lay, with an intent to poignard him, but that seeing him stretched out like a corpse, and apparently breathless,

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they deferred the blow, till another night in the hope that the work was already done for them, without incurring the danger and the guilt. He waked: an Angel stood over him; and offered a draught from a celestial bowl: he drank; and again fell into a profound slumber. Night came; and the Angel again descended; and bore him away on her wings; thus lifting him to Heaven without passing through the gates of Death! —

Her sleep was suddenly broken: the sighs and groans of her mother in the next room put an end to the delicious vision. She kissed the burning hand of Andrew; and retired.

All the remainder of the day was the mother in a fury of agitations. All night Ciceley heard her traverse her room; or mutter to herself. The fol-

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lowing day she went three times to a neighbouring village, where lived a country apothecary. Andrew continued restless ; and suffered under a dangerous relapse. Evening came ; the hour of six ; and the hour of seven arrived and Dame Turner was attacked by greater and greater paroxisms of agitation.

A tremulous tap was heard at the door. « Coming — Coming » was attempted to be uttered by Dame Turner ; but it half died on her lips. She staggered to open it. A frightful, looking, dark-visaged man entered. « Here he said : » here is the medicine, M.^{rs} Turner ! I will attend you » to your patient. — It will give relief » in a few hours ! » Ciceley shrieked ; and fainted. The man cast his eyes upon her ; and gnashed his teeth. He

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held two phials in his hand : « Here is » enough for both, M.^{rs} Turner ! » cried he with a demoniac sarcasm : « Give » it the pretty one : it will cure her » too ! » — The mother looked at him with a withering frown : — but her horror was too big for utterance.

They now entered Andrew's apartment. He had just waked from a dreadful dream. « Andrew, Child ! » said the Nurse, in a voice half-choked, how are you ? Here is a medicine, « which the apothecary says will do you good ! » She siezed the two phials from the Bearer. « A cup » she cried : « I must have a cup to pour it into ! » She darted to a small cup-board in the corner of the room. She emptied the liquid : she hurried to the bedside : « Drink it, Andrew ; » she exclaimed rapidly : « drink it, dear An-

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drew; and God have mercy on you ! » Andrew took the draught ; and instantly reposed himself on his pillow into a profound sleep.

Dame Turner and her companion now gazed upon the motionless form of the Boy , as it lay stretched upon the bed. « A potent draught , Dame » Turner ! » whispered the fellow. « Po- » tent enough , kind Doctor ! » she replied.—« Why, he moves not a muscle, » M.^{rs} Turner ! » rejoined the man : « calm — calm ! — what a perfect medicine is this ? » — « Curses on thee ! » said Dame Turner in her heart — « vile , blood - thirsty assassin ! there » shall be no peace for thee ! » All was yet still : they cast another look on the senseless boy ; and retired.

They took chairs by the glimmering fire of the adjoining apartment,

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while other light seemed too strong for the mutual endurance of the workings of each other's countenance. While neither of them spoke, the convulsions of Dame Turner's frame rendered the deadness of all around doubly appalling. « Provided for ! » at length cried the fellow abruptly : « provided » for ! here it is ; all in gold ! » — Dame Turner darted a look of fury at him ; rose from her seat ; dashed down the chair ; and cried : « Provision » in Hell , Man ! Away with your provisions ! — I am sick at heart ! » — « Well then , Dame Turner ! » he said , — « as you please ! It may be » as well where it is ! — But remember , » after all ; we must be sure the work » is done before the payment is made ! »

At these words , he rose ; lighted a candle ; and again visited Andrew's

bed. All the lineaments of death were printed on the child's pallid face. He could hear no breath; he could feel no pulse. "Assuredly," said he, "the deed is done!" He hastened from the room; he threw a purse on the table, near which Dame Turner sat: he opened the house-door; and was lost in the darkness of the night.

"And so," exclaimed the Nurse, "Tempter; Fiend; Satan! thou art gone! Hell go with thee; and on thy head be all the torments it can inflict!" — She paused; she tore her hair; she wrung her hands; she beat her head against the wall. Then came a flood of tears to her relief. — "Ah, yet perhaps," she burst out; "ah, yet perhaps the Deceiver is deceived! The lovely one may live! The potion, which I substituted, was but

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„ a strong sleeping draught ! ” — Overcome with what had passed , she now gave a shriek ; and sunk into insensibility.

Ciceley heard the sound ; and came running from the bed , on which she had thrown herself in terror , soon after the Bearer of the medicines , or potions , had brought on her the fainting fit already described. After some time she succeeded in reviving her mother ; and assisting her to her bed. When all was quiet , she stole silently to Andrew's room. It was dark ; — She spoke : — he answered not : — She felt his cheek , and his forehead : they were cold and inanimate : — She took his hand ; — she could scarcely perceive any life in it : — she could trace no pulse ; there seemed no breath on his lips ; there seemed

no beat in his heart. She gave an involuntary scream. It waked her mother. "Ciceley," she cried; "Ciceley! » where are you? I adjure you, come » hither, Ciceley! or I die!" Ciceley had strength to obey. "Andrew is dead, Mother!" she shrieked out; "Andrew » is dead! For Heaven's sake, come, » and look to Andrew!" — "Be » quiet, Child!" answered Dame Turner; — "it is nothing but a sleeping » draught, which he has taken! I » insist on your being quiet! To dis- » turb him at the present moment will » be real death!"

Ciceley reluctantly obeyed: fatigue, terror, illness all overcame her. In the morning she was in a delirious fever, far more dangerous than that, by which Andrew had suffered, pre-

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viously to the late draught; which had been administered to him.

In this state a complication of sorrows, anxieties, self-reproaches, and dangers pressed upon Dame Turner, such as appear far beyond the power of human strength to support. Not a single consolation seemed within her reach. The present was inexpressibly horrible: the future was still more terrific.

The Coffin was ordered; the funeral was prepared. The Clergyman sent due intelligence to Lady Brokenhurst. The mournful receptacle of the inanimate corpse arrived. Dame Turner would suffer no one to place the long-loved form in its last home but herself. The officiousness of one or two of the female neighbours was finally suppressed by the sobs and convulsive

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agitations of Her, who had nursed the infant in her arms, and fed him at her breast. The sacredness of sorrow was at length yielded to; and Dame Turner was allowed to lock the door, that she might perform the melancholy duty uninterrupted.

Ere this mournful task was performed, Ciceley in her delirium had stolen from her room; and indulged in a last embrace of the clay-cold limbs of her beloved play-mate. In two days her fever subsided, her delirium ceased; and the preparations for the funeral rendered it necessary to communicate to her the dreadful event.

The sad morning came; the Coffin was borne to the parish church; the ceremony was performed: and the Rector dispatched a letter containing the expected account of it to Brokenhurst.

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Reports spread the next day, that Dame Turner was out of her mind. In the evening of that day, a villager passing near her cottage, imagined he saw a strange cart at the door: but it was dark; and he passed on, without satisfying his curiosity. The next morning the neighbours observed the doors and windows closed at a late hour; and no sounds within. This caused an alarm. In the afternoon the window of the cottage was forced open: and on entry, Dame Turner, and her daughter, were fled.

A thousand rumours followed this incident: but all enquiry was unsuccessful: no tidings of her, which stood on good authority, could be obtained. Even after a lapse of years nothing was heard of her. Calumny was busy with her name; nor was Lady B. who

was known to have had her in pay, entirely spared.

The neighbouring peasantry loved Walter Tyrell, and wept at the door of the family vault, in which he was buried: for the Tyrells had an old vault even in this remote parish, which had descended to them through some female heiress.

The eldest of Lady Brokenhurst's sons was now brought forward into full consequence. He had a fullness of health, the opposite of poor Andrew. Simon, (for that was his name,) was fat and ruddy. He died, however, of a fever, from being indulged in too much fruit, within a year and an half; and his only remaining brother, James, became the heir apparent.

James had a constitution very similar to that of Simon: but it lasted lon-

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ger. The cousin, who had looked to the inheritance, began to despair: and Lady B. was counting the years, till her son should come of age; and join in sweeping down a large portion of the timber on the estate, which should wipe off the rapidly - accumulating debt, that must otherwise annihilate them.

Walter, the cousin, was a man of gaiety and good humour. He spent a few days of every Autumn, at Brokenhurst. But he could not always bear with perfect complacence the growing raillery of Lady B. who now began to be almost boistrous in her hopes and confidence.

Not a week had elapsed after his return from one of these visits, when he received a letter to inform him that James Tyrell also was no more.

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His gross habit of body had been attacked by some sudden disorder, which proved fatal in three days.

Walter now began to trust that Fate had determined the title and estates for him: for Lord B's health was not only weak, but apparently declining. Lady B. was in distraction: not only her affections, which were of a very equivocal nature, but all her schemes, all her vanities and luxuries, were blasted. She was gloomy, peevish, violent, stupid, humble and even obsequious by fits. Yet even in this state her horrible vanity was not always asleep. Some Gentlemen flattered her that mourning was becoming; and that she never appeared so attractive as in her grief.

In a few months Walter Tyrell came to Brokenhurst. It occurred to

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her that she might be persuasive in her tears; and prevail over the hard heart of Walter to join in her favourite scheme of a fall of timber. She modulated her voice to its softest tones; she put on the best witchery of her manner; she dressed her person in its most affecting shape: and for days she set all her wits to work to accomplish this mighty end. Walter was half-overcome; but he recollected himself; and became firm.

They parted: Lady B. concealed her anger: but she vowed secret revenge. For three months she brooded upon the subject. She recalled to her mind all the expressions, all the looks that had passed. She remembered some passing tones of kindness: she even recollected glances and words, which made him seem agreeable to her,

much as she had hitherto hated him. She blamed herself for not having taken sufficient advantage of these propitious moments. She said to herself, « if I can persuade him to pay » us another visit, I may yet succeed ! » —

In a few months Walter Tyrell had occasion again to visit Brokenhurst. Lady B. was all graciousness. She seldom touched on the great subject, which she was struggling to carry. She sought the topics that she had found most agreeable to Walter. On those topics she perceived that he was even entertaining to her : but the lively resentment she nourished within, gave a piquancy to her manner, that in its disguise threw a dangerous kind of interest on her mode of conducting herself to him.

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M.^r Tyrell was approaching to the age of forty. He was tall; manly; and of an expressive countenance. Having more vivacity of thought than soundness of judgment; more quickness of sensation, than permanence of principles; more confidence in the supposed wisdom to be derived from a long acquaintance with the fashions and forms of society, than in the deeper operations of the passions, such as he had neither studied, nor seemed to be aware of, he was a man liable to be at the mercy of great art, and management. He had yet been firm about the timber: it was a matter of business, within the range of his ordinary considerations.

Lady B. by thus keeping off from the subject, on which he had guarded himself, began to obtain some

influence over him. He returned her attentions with readiness; and even with pleasure.

When at length she deemed the spell sufficiently strong, she recommenced the aim at her primary object. It failed once more. M.^r Tyrell was still decided; and obstinate. Disguise never failed her even in this defeat. She parted from him the evening of that day, grave, perhaps sad, in her looks; but not apparently angry. In the night the hell of her bosom was left to its own unrestrained workings. Revenge, disappointed vanity, something even of a parting from a real pleasure that she had begun to take in his company, were all mingled up in the conflict of emotions, that beset her. Her blood became feverish: and when she rose, a furious vivacity in her eyes

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imparted a frightful interest to her countenance.

She was one of those unhappy Beings, who having long habituated themselves to violent incitements, could only live in the whirl of stormy passions. Her days had been so passed, as not to be compatible with the reflections of a calm conscience.

She did not make her appearance at breakfast. The morning to herself was requisite for the arrangement of her looks, her language, and her designs. Half of it was spent in tears: some in sighs: and some in schemes the most eccentric and outrageous. But still revenge took the lead of all her emotions: and she felt that the most secret and unexpected indulgence of it would give a zest to all the others.

She

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She came down to dinner after two hours spent at her toilet with the greatest art and anxiety. Her address to Tyrell was polite; soft, conciliatory, but mournful. She had told Lord B. she thought she might yet obtain this cousin's consent to the fall of timber, that alone could avert their disgrace and ruin, if left to herself to flatter his vanity and folly, of both which she spoke in terms of bitter scorn, as well as of his general character, manners, and person. He was to leave them the next day: and she requested of her feeble husband to be left full room, and « ample-range, » for carrying on her attack in her own way.

The dinner was silent and dull. It was only by slow degrees that the melancholy of Lady B. seemed to

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break into conversation. Lord B. meantime, full of ennui, and at this crisis struck with the idea of the advantage that might be derived from bringing Tyrell into « a melting mood, » circulated the wine more freely than was his usual custom. Tyrell, satisfied with himself at the steadiness and resolution he had displayed without appearing to have created offence, enjoyed a good humour and lightness of heart, that made him happy to accept all proferred civilities. He was anxious to soften to Lady B. the chagrin of the refusal, he had thought it his duty to persist in. His manner to her therefore was gentle, respectful, and winning.

Tears now and then started into the eyes of Lady B. She attempted to conceal them: but they trickled

down her cheeks. She affected to receive Tyrell's attentions, as if she harboured no anger in her bosom. The flame, that worked within, gave a soft radiance through the suppressed lambency of her eyes. Vanity; hope; a confusion of animated feelings, coursed themselves through her heart in fresh impulses. The dark scheme, that the madness of the night had brooded on, came upon her; and stormed her bosom with its mysterious delusions. Tyrell found occasion to pay her some unexpected compliment. She turned her full, speaking, eye upon him; and smiled outwardly: — but said in the recesses of her mind: « Is this » the complacence of triumph, Tyrell, » over a woman thou thinkest that » thou hast out-maneuvred? The net » is spread: the spell works: and thou

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» shalt be thine own destroyer ! » —

When Lord B. and M.^s Tyrell again joined Lady B. in the Drawing-room, she was in tears. She now affected to dry them up, and conceal them; and to assume the appearance of a cheerful resignation. She sighed at her misfortunes as if she had not deserved her fate. Lord B. left the room. She continued the mournful tone of her conversation. Tyrell took her hand, which was a very beautiful one; and vowed that he wished to make her happy. Her face became suffused with a burning colour; her pulse beat high. She said in a tremulous tone: « You might make us all » happy, Tyrell ! » — She lifted her down-cast eyes languidly upon his face and then sunk, as if half-fainting on his shoulder. A sort of delirious

satisfaction at that moment came over her : she said to herself : « Now - yes now , I will have my revenge ! » —

Tyrell lost himself. He had drank more wine than usual. The Syren charms for once succeeded. The next morning he departed from Brokenhurst, the most wretched of human beings ; — without even taking leave of Lady B. In about four months he received letters from Lady B. written in an extraordinary tone of raillery, irony, and, as he thought, a sort of humiliating triumph over him. Three more months had not elapsed, before officious ill-nature gave him intimation from several quarters of a new heir about to be born at Brokenhurst, to take the place of the three infants already dead. The complicated mortification of this expected event was

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of a nature so utterly incapable of being alleviated, that his grief and self-reproach threw him into a fever, from which he had not recovered, when, at the end of two more miserable months, he learned that the birth of a real son and heir had taken place at Brokenhurst.

To be thus disappointed again; to have thus too probably been the means of his own disinherison; to have added to it the sting of the crime of adultery with a woman, whom he hated, - in breach of the sacred laws of hospitality, and still more sacred laws of relationship; what could reconcile him to himself for this dreadful mixture of guilt and calamity, — the whole self-inflicted; — the whole without a particle of consolation! —

Lady B. encouraged far other fee-

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lings. Her schemes were successful; her malignant passions were gratified; her earthly prosperity was about to recommence. The little boy grew : and Lady B. continually looked on his face with smiles of triumphant delight. « See ! » she cried in the hardihood of depravity : « look at him, » my Lord ; Is he not a Tyrell all » over ! those fine eyes ; that countenance of true nobility ; those inimitable marks of ancient aristocracy : » that Tyrell nose ! it is the very type » of the family, even from the fated » days of Rufus himself ! » Her roguish glance ; the titter of her very eyes, the sly and wellmanaged irony of her flattery ; — the overflowing conceit and confidence, that every accent betrayed, all proved the inebriety of heart, which her success had engende-

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red in her. Insolent by nature; confident and daring from numerous recurrences of apparent good luck at times when despair seemed at hand; relying on the resources of her own talents, to which she attributed these recoveries; and glorying in the belief of her own personal charms, which she now thought more than ever, no one, when she chose to exert them, could resist; she delighted in persecuting Tyrell with a correspondence, that carried all these bad qualities to the utmost verge of human endurance. She took advantage of the silence imposed upon him by his sad guilt. She rejoiced to think how he writhed under her taunts. She wrote him pages after pages descriptive of the boy's person, and the boy's pranks. She possessed humour, and something

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like wit: it was always the sting of her jest to mention the features of the Boy, which were most like those of M.^r Tyrell. She sometimes even invented those features in mere mischief. Absorbed in her own dissolute ideas, she not unfrequently recalled, in terms not too mystical to be misconstrued by him, circumstances of that very night, that had plunged him into hopeless misery. The furies of Hell were not more odious to him, than Lady B.

This unhappy man wandered about from place to place, always restless and discontented. While in England, he passed, during the summer months, from one sea-bathing place to another, shunning society; and seeking in winds and waves something to withdraw him from his own reflections. He had thus become exceedingly ex-

pert in the management of a boat : and would often weather billows, such as the oldest sailors trembled at. He foresaw with a skilful eye gathering tempests in the heavens : but those were the occasions that tempted him out with the greatest eagerness.

He had reached a marine village on the coast of Kent, on a fine October evening. When he rose in the morning, the appearance of the sky, illuminated by a Sun that tinged the numerous clouds with edges of gold, portended to common eyes a day peculiarly suited to expeditions on the water. Tyrell saw it otherwise : and for that very reason hastened to engage the lightest-sailing boat to be procured. He had scarcely got three miles from the shore, when the clouds blackened ; a strong breeze rose : and

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the boatmen shook their heads. Tyrell smiled, as the storm gathered more and more. Two or three boats, seen in the distance were apparently pushing vehemently homeward. —

A tremendous burst of thunder and lightning now ensued: then an inundating fall of rain: and then again the wind roared in intermittent blasts; and the waves ran mountains high. A Boat was driving towards them, apparently at the mercy of the billows: the persons in it had, in ignorance or despair, given up all attempt at direction. Shrieks and screams were heard, as it approached nearer to them. It drove along so helplessly, that they expected every moment to see it go down. It seemed to be passing them like an arrow out of a bow; when it glanced against the side of their boat; and instantly upset.

Tyrell had the moment before observed a little Boy, who held out his hands while he screamed to him for assistance : and by some miraculous effort, he scarcely knew how ; whether as the boat went down ; or in the act of passing, he caught the Boy by his jacket ; and drew him into his own boat. The child was more than half dead, with fright and the waves, that all his cloathes dripped with. He clung half-senselessly round Tyrell : and when he recovered himself, looked up in his face with gratitude and thanks. All the Boy's companions perished.

There was something in the child's countenance, that worked upon Tyrell's heart with an irresistible impulse. He held him to his bosom, he scarcely knew why : he could not even speak
to

to him. The infant appeared to be scarcely more than five years old: the danger had exhausted him: he now fell asleep. He woke, as they approached the shore. He began to cry; and to wring his hands. « O, my Mama! » he exclaimed: « what will my Mama say to me? She forbade me to go upon the water? How she will scold and whip me. And poor Thomas: is he indeed drowned? — Well! he would never have heard the last of it! » — It was become absolutely necessary to enquire the name of this Mama, that the child might be conveyed home. Tyrell asked this question with unaccountable reluctance. « What is the name of your Mama? » he said in an hurried voice. « Lady Tyrell, Sir! » cried the Boy.

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The tumult of feelings , which this answer conveyed to Tyrell's heart, cannot be described. A momentary mixture of horror and affection siezed him. The yearnings of nature prevailed ; and he folded the child in his arms ; and wept over him : He blessed the moment, that Providence had put it into his power to preserve his life ; and hoped that this act, that operated so much against his worldly fortune , might be some slight expiation of his crime.

What had he now to do ? He carried the Boy with him to an Hotel , that stood near the pier, and there wrote a note to Lord B. in as disguised an hand , as he could assume , mentioning that a Gentleman had had the good luck to save his son , and now returned him with sincere con-

gratulations to his hands. He had however to lament the loss of the servant and two boatmen with him.

Having discharged this duty, Tyrell retired to his own lodging, to recruit his exhausted spirits. He found himself so weak and ill from the agitation of his mind, that he immediately went to bed, and never quitted it till the next morning. He would then have left the place, but for a desire to see the child once more, which he could not overcome.

Feverish, wild, incoherent, with a burning head, and trembling legs, he sallied forth to the pier, to catch the fresh air of the ocean: His strength so entirely deserted him, that when he arrived at the point of the pier, he sunk down on the coping; and sat there resting his head upon his hands;

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and so utterly lost in reveries for an hour , that he observed nothing around him.

On a sudden he was roused by a scream of joy ; and the quick steps of a child running towards him. In an instant the Boy he had saved was in his arms , his little hands clasped in extacy round his neck. Tyrell returned the embrace with fervor : « Bless thee , child ! » he said in the midst of struggling tears : « and may thy life be long and happy ; whatever becomes of him who thus returns thy unsuspecting gratitude. » — A figure stood unperceived over them : a white hand was on Tyrell's shoulder : Tyrell looked up :-it was Lady B. ! —

« Tyrell ! » said she , electrified for a moment by this affecting scene into a feeling of virtuous and maternal

gratitude. — “Tyrell” ! this is noble ! May the Boy live to be thy blessing : not thy curse ! » — She wept for once a few tears of goodness ! Tyrell’s senses more than half deserted him at this extraordinary interview. There was no longer a charm in Lady B’s voice, even though for once it uttered tones of sincerity and real affection. He stared wildly : he rose abruptly from his seat : he put down the child from his arms ; and walked hastily away , as if disdaining a syllable in answer.

The Boy clung to the skirts of his coat : he said to him mournfully : “leave me, child ! » — The Boy released his hold ; and returned weeping to his mother. Lady B. whose resentments were among the most lively of her passions, had already

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experienced the revival of her bad nature. The cries of the Boy aggravated the affront, that was flaming in her bosom.

She hurried home to compose herself. An hour spent in silence enabled her to assuage the violence of her anger. Gratitude for saving the dear boy's life could not be entirely suppressed in the heart even of such a mother! She could not but reflect that she had been very provoking to Tyrell: that he had much to complain of: and that therefore some resentment on his part was scarcely avoidable. Her vanity indeed came in aid of these excuses: she did not like to believe that the power of her charms had ceased.

Tyrell had ordered his servant to procure a chaise in two hours to carry

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him away from a place so unfit for him : and in the meantime threw himself on his bed ; where exhausture and stupor cast him into a profound slumber. A troubled dream followed : he shrieked ; and the shriek roused him. He opened his eyes ; and saw Lady B. standing by his side.

« I come once more to thank you » said Lady B. « for saving my child ! — Tyrell , I am not ungrateful : - my gratitude survives insult , and scorn ! » « Lady B. » he answered , « haunt me not ! My countenance will tell you , how ill I am. I claim no merit for saving your son : I knew not , who he was : but I truly rejoice , that he was the person ! - Now leave me to my repose ! » — The colour left Lady B's cheeks ; and then flashed again into red flames. After a pause she

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said. « Is it thus you treat me , Tyrell ? - Is it thus you treat the mother of » — the words seemed to die on her lips : tears seemed to suffuse her eyes. Tyrell was impenetrable : he made no answer ; but hid his face with his hand. She recovered her voice : « You hear me not , M.' Tyrell ! » she went on , in an altered tone : then hurrying to the door , she exclaimed : « it is enough ! May the boy live to be thy bane hereafter , as he has been in the past ! » She hastened down stairs ; and in another hour Tyrell was many miles on his road to a distant part of the kingdom.

A fatality hung over the issue of Lady B. This boy also died before he was ten years old : and Lady B. became again at the mercy of Tyrell. This unhappy man was now broken

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to decay ; repairs could not be done : tenants became insolent ; and at the same time rapacious and cunning ! Brokenhurst was in truth the abode of an half-gilded Misery !

This punishment inflicted on Her , who was the cause of all these evils , was no satisfaction to Tyrell ; - especially while he saw all the House , whose honour and prosperity he had at heart , involved in the common discredit and ruin. The prospect of future rank , and of the inheritance of the family estates , had lost its charms for him. His spirits had fled ; the gay delusions of life had passed away : all of earthly prosperity for him was connected with grief , and regret ; and even horror. In his days of vigorous manhood , an ancient peerage and a large estate , uncontaminated

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by the stings of an heavy conscience , appeared a gay vision of splendid joy. The colours had all faded : the prospect was not only blank ; but black.

Rumours began to spread , that the lineal heir of Brokenhurst was yet alive. They reached Lady B. She set her agents to work in every direction to assist the enquiry. But , while this search was in its progress , her mingled fears agitated her almost to madness. A tale might be unfolded , that would expose her to infamy of the most atrocious extent !

Tyrell heard these rumours ; but he regarded them not. The event had become almost indifferent to him. Yet , when he reflected on them , he could not avoid suspecting that they might arise from that fertility of expedients to bring him to terms , so often practiced by Lady B.

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As he waited the event in silent gloom, still and fixed as despondence ever feels itself, the rumours continued to gather strength. It was said that old Nurse Turner had carried young Andrew off to some distant part of the Globe, at the time his death was announced; and various causes were assigned for it. Tyrell persuaded himself; and perhaps truly; that he should rejoice, if this revival should turn out to be the fact.

The report at length died away again: no real tidings of poor Andrew could be obtained: and hopeless and unbroken misery once more took possession of Brokenhurst.

A day of more than usual unhappiness was reaching the hour of twilight, after a stormy morning, in the

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latter end of September. A family dinner, a little enlivened by three or four strangers, had just closed. Lady B. who had begun to resort to the exhilaration of wine, to relieve the almost impenetrable heaviness of her spirits, assumed a momentary vivacity. A mournful voice, as of begging, was heard at the glass door, that opened on the terrace, from the anti-room of the dining-room. A tattered garment was at the same time partly seen from the windows. Lady B. rung violently; and ordered the servants to see if any intruders were there; and to dismiss them.

The servants obeyed: a parley was heard: Lady B. in her impatience rung violently once more; and ordered instantaneous dismissal. The servant muttered something; but bas-

tened to execute the command. Louder and more mournful tones then assailed their ears. Lady B. despotic, furious, perhaps irritated by the artificial energy she had imbibed, rose from her seat; left the room; and ran to the place of contest. There stood at the door a young man, covered with the garments of poverty; his figure emaciated; his face hollow and pale; his eyes sunk; and a look of wildness, like one, whose senses had left him. His voice was feeble; but he talked rapidly, and incoherently. A spell had siezed the servants: when they touched him to remove him by force, he breathed out such affecting language, that they unloosen'd their grasp, and listened to him with pity or terror.

“ The wretch ! ” exclaimed Lady B.

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« I will drag him off myself, rather than that he should intrude upon us; and disgrace us here ! » With rage darting from her countenance, she took the remnant of the unhappy youth's coat by the collar, and swung him violently round. Tottering, half-famished; imbecile in heart as in mind, he yielded to the storm; and fell like a broken reed before the scattering blast.

A fit of the most agonizing convulsions ensued. His shrieks brought out Lord B. himself. He lay stretched upon the ground: his contortions tore his disordered raiments almost to atoms. He continued in the intervals of their violence to breathe out a thousand plaintive sentences. Lord B. looked, and listened; and looked again: he was awe-struck. Even Lady B. was

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silent , and pallid , and trembling : she had lost her fury ; and stared with breathless curiosity. Her legs would not support her : she leaned on Lord B. feeble as he was. The youth appeared to be struggling in the gasp of death : the servants were ordered to undo the ligaments round his neck : his neck and his bosom thus became exposed to full view.

Lord B. started back ; he came forward again , and fixed an earnest gaze on the distorted frame. He trembled in every limb : he grasped the arm of Lady B. - he turned a frantic look upon her : he cried ; scarce articulately : « Look : Lady B. Look ! Look at that strange mark on the lad's neck. - Have you not once before seen a mark exactly like it ? » — Lady B. was not less agitated : a deadly pale-

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ness came over her : she could not utter a word : she fell senseless on the ground.

Confusion followed : Lady B. was conveyed into the house : Lord B. was led in , scarcely more sensible. The servants bore the corpse of the youth , now almost lifeless , into one of the outer offices.

Lord B. did not recover this shock. A constitution long broken ; a mind never strong , instantaneously yielded to the present attack ; and in three days he expired.

Lady B. revived : she sent orders , under some caution and reserve , to have the young man taken care of. She learned by the inquiries she anxiously but privately made , that he breathed , and even slept composedly. He had been conveyed to a chamber

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in one wing of the inner court, of which the opposite side had formerly contained the Nursery.

Four days he lay in these slumbers with the shortest intervals. When he opened his eyes, he gazed with a less vacant look; tears dimmed his sight; and he seemed as if he wished to speak; but that his tongue failed him. After another night of refreshing repose, he waked as if he had suddenly recovered his senses. The bed was close to the window: he looked earnestly cross the court: for ten minutes his eyes were fixed; and his whole soul appeared absorbed in what he was contemplating. « It is right; » at last he earnestly exclaimed: « I have it! — That window! ah! that very window! There it is! thence it was, I used to breathe the first mor-

ning air ! there Nurse Turner used to dress me ! » The tears gushed down his cheeks : the words died on his lips. He sunk back exhausted , and once more almost lifeless.

Intelligence of what had passed was carried to Lady B. She would have repaired to the room ; but a secret impulse deterred her. Cordials were applied : after the lapse of more than an hour , he moved ; he breathed more freely ; he opened his eyes again. « Gracious Heaven ! » he said distinctly : « what is the dream , in which so many of my years have passed ? Where have I been ? How has my memory been occupied ? These flashes of intellect ; that come ; and go again in an instant ; and then all is long , long , utter darkness ! I know it now ! Dear spot of my na-

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tivity, I am content to die in thy bosom! The veil vanishes: it is all light! A moment it is thus given me: — and I depart! Cicely! beloved Ciceley! blessed be thy cares, that have thus supported me to breathe my last in the Hall of my Fathers! Thou art gone, lovely one, before me! But thy soul is happy: and surely thou enjoyest the recompence of thy virtues! I go to join thee: and, I trust, thy fond Mother also! Ye were all I had on earth! spot of my birth, and of my grave, thou hadst little other concern with me! The clouds again gather over me: I am faint: I die grateful! Yet O miserable world, with how little do I part, when I part with Thee! »

Thus did the Heir of Brokenhurst discover himself. When Lady B. heard

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it, her sanguine temper induced her to beleive, she should yet save him. In truth, his predictions did not come true. The next day he was much revived.

His history, since the period of his boy-hood, when his death was supposed to have taken place, was singular. The sleeping draught, that Nurse Turner had substituted for the deadly potion intended by others, had not produced dissolution; but it had unfortunately been so strong, that it had brought on imbecillity; and almost ideotism.

In this state, while a pretended funeral was solemnized, the affectionate yet not innocent old Nurse had couveyed him on board a Vessel, that transported him with herself, and her daughter, to America. There this long lapse of years had been spent.

It was not all a waste of unqualified destituteness and misery. Ciceley had increased in her affection and her cares, almost in proportion as the helpless state of Andrew Tyrell required it.

The manner in which Andrew's intellects had suffered, was peculiar. The draught had not destroyed all the powers of his mind. It had deranged, and nearly, annihilated the faculties of recollection, and of reasoning, but it had not taken away the vivacity of immediate impressions. It had enfeebled and even ruined the self-command of volition; and rendered him like a vessel driving before the breeze without an helm.

In this state his native goodness exhibited itself in the most felicitous manner. He displayed the suscepti-

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bilities of a most tender and luminous fancy, set off by an infantine simplicity. His form was delicate by birth : these misfortunes rendered it almost effeminate. Ciceley was his companion ; his cherisher ; his guide. She read to him ; and he was amused : but he forgot it all , the instant the sounds died away.

Yet he was affectionate and his heart inspired him with momentary expressions of eloquence. Ciceley listened to them ; but they agitated her feelings , which Nature had made too energetic , beyond her strength.

Dame Turner was gradually sinking to the grave from the gloom and exasperation of a mind brooding over a life in which goodness and temptation had been perpetually in the most violent conflict ; and circumstances had rendered

rendered her a victim to trials too strong for her firmness. Andrew's health, the sacrifice to her medicines, however kindly intended, was the crown of these misfortunes. To look backward or forward was equally frightful ! If she died ; - and she was sure that her end was not far distant, what might become of dear Ciceley ; of not less dear Andrew ?

Her understanding was acute : her observation never slumbered. She saw other dangers in Ciceley's situation : she knew the softness of Ciceley's heart, and the enthusiasm of her temper.

She judged but too truly. Ciceley's health became a victim to her sensibilities. In Andrew there was all to excite her pity ; and nothing to mix it with repugnance. His state of im-

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becillity was singular : He seemed more like a person in a dream , than of lost intellect. Nothing remained upon his mind : he could not recollect ; or combine ; or separate.

A singleness of affection ; a sweet simplicity of momentary emotion , often drew the tears into Ciceley's eyes.

They had taken up their abode in a cottage in the neighbourhood of one of the best situated towns of North-America. A little garden of flowers , and grass-plats was in front : at the back rose a wooded mountain. Ciceley dressed the garden : Ciceley arranged the house : Ciceley was its soul : its comforter : the voice , that cheered it : the hand , that decorated it. The neighbours had long admired the beauty of the little English girl : Her complexion was a light brown : clear ;

and tinted with the most beautiful colour : her hair rather dark ; but soft and silky : She was formed with great symmetry ; slender ; but round. Her eyes were large ; and full of gentle intelligence.

As years passed away , her person filled ; and the attractiveness of her manner and form became more lovely. But there was a deep sort of uneasiness in her bosom , that she could never eradicate. The recollection of what had passed in England ; of the mode of their departure , and of the cause of Andrew's illness , and his present state , all operated like slow poison on her self-complacence. She was not personally concerned in this , except to alleviate all in her power : but her pride and affection were most deeply implicated in the conduct of those , who were.

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Her tender and conscientious mind was also continually reflecting on the ruined interests of Andrew. While he remained in this unbecoming concealment, others were enjoying his rank and his property. Yet what could be done? How could he be brought forward, with safety to her mother's character and person?

She endeavoured by her individual attentions and kindnesses to Andrew, to make some amends for this. She walked with him; she caressed him; she sang to him. How much did a young neighbour who had fallen deeply in love with Ciceley, envy these caresses and attentions! what would he have given for some of those soft questions; some of those sweet smiles; some of those melting impressions of the lips, to have been

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bestowed on him, rather than on an insensible ! But is it certain, that he was an insensible : that these delightful proofs of affection did not make his happiness ?

Ciceley had cherished in her bosom an enthusiastic sort of duty in the performance of these attentions. Her fancy and her affections were both naturally fervid. Solitude operating on the extraordinary circumstances of her life had increased their force threefold. Her heart therefore was shut to all other attachments. The lover was not altogether undeserving of her : and his passion for her was extreme. But she was cold ; and even rude. She deemed it a profanation of her innocent and generous devotion to Andrew.

Sometimes she thought that even

Andrew loved her with more than a mere childish and undistinguishing affection. He was uneasy out of her presence : he kissed her hand with warmth ; and modulated his voice into tones of pleasure , or gentleness , when he spoke to her.

But this temperament of high feeling in Ciceley ; these irremoveable sources of uneasiness , which sprung up in her heart in fresh fountains ; this state of mystery , in which they lived ; the prospect of the future still worse than that of the present ; the declining health of her mother ; and her violent despondence , that every day increased , were all too much for this amiable girl's strength either of mind or person. A hectic colour began to appear in her cheeks ; a slow fever came on ; languor siezed her

whole frame ; and in four short months she was carried to the grave by a consumption.

This was the last blow to dame Turner. She did not survive her daughter more than six weeks. The effect upon Andrew was striking. He at first called out for Ciceley, till he wept himself into insensibility. A long stupor then came on. The funeral of dame Turner roused him; and he seemed all at once almost entirely to recover his senses.

In this state the desire and resolution of returning to England came instantly upon him. Some money was left in the House : the little furniture was sold ; and he took his passage in the first Vessel for England, with a determination to make his way to Brokenhurst.

On the passage his disorder returned upon him : he was neglected ; his money was purloined ; and he was left to shift for himself. In this state , where he was landed , by some miraculous chance , it is not known how , he found his way to Brokenhurst.

Such was the fate , that brought him to the crisis , at which we have arrived. Lady B. was agonized at this moment by anxieties , that it required the utmost hardihood to support. She was desirous that Andrew should live ; but even in his survival there were the greatest dangers for her.

For the next week his intellects wandered ; and his weak frame was in hourly danger of dissolution. On the morning of the eighth day the servants , on entering his apartment , found him entirely rational. His re-

collection returned; the clouds passed away from his understanding; and he related with a distinct and affecting simplicity the annals of his infancy.

He gave the account of what had passed at Brokenhurst in his earliest childhood; and of much, that had subsequently occurred at dame Turner's cottage. But Ciceley was the theme of his praise; and the point of all his affections. When he had recovered the agitation of alluding to her death; (for at first the attempt to utter it quivered upon his lips,) he described her virtues and attractions as angelic. It was clear, that those delightful attentions she had bestowed upon him, had not been lost. He had perceived, and appreciated them, when he appeared most insensible.

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After some hours spent in these relations , he exhibited symptoms of extreme debility and exhausture. He sunk upon his pillow ; a livid paleness came over his face ; his eyes closed ; and in a few moments , he ceased to breathe.

Thus ended the issue of Lord Brokenhurst : and Walter Tyrell , his cousin , came at last to the positive possession of the peerage and estate.

Lady B. the widow , was now left to hopeless and inextricable misery. All her schemes had failed ; all the full remembrance of her crimes remained. Poverty, contempt, and old age were added to her griefs. Bitterness , fury , blasphemies , tore her heart , and deepened her voice ! She could not pray ; she was terrified at her own curses !

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She gave up Brokenhurst to the Heir, after committing, in spite as well as avarice, all the spoliation she could. But the new Lord Brokenhurst was not happy : the honours had not only come too late ; but attended by too many disastrous circumstances. He had no children ; and it was doubtful, if the title would not expire with him.

Lady B. with unexampled meanness now applied to him for pecuniary assistance. Disgust, scorn, horror, would have inclined him to refuse. But he granted a pittance. This qualified concession only added to her hatred. In the bitterness of her heart, she sought for some new revenge. She brooded over the stores of mischief, that always fructified in her bosom.

She found herself dying ; but in

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death she forgot not her hatred, and revenge. She confessed her adultery with the présent Peer, that she might leave an odium upon him with her last breath : and she even insinuated, most falsely, his privity to the attempted murder of Andrew.

Her crimes had now arrived at their height : she died in the agonies of the last despair.

Walter Lord Brokenhurst, not stained with the same guilt, but blackened by one great offence, into which this vile woman had seduced him, yielded himself a prey to grief; and survived only a year.

Thus by one fatal marriage ended a family, that had been a fabric of Centuries.

End of the Tale of Lord Brokenhurst.

